







John R Moorhead

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# COLLECTED POEMS

1897-1907

BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

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TO  
THOMAS HARDY



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O STRENGTH DIVINE OF ROMAN DAYS,  
O SPIRIT OF THE AGE OF FAITH,  
GO WITH OUR SONS ON ALL THEIR WAYS,  
WHEN WE LONG SINCE ARE DUST AND WRAITH.



## DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a  
thousand mile away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there  
below ?),

Slung atween the round shot in  
Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Ply-  
mouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder  
lie the ships,

Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the  
night-tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he  
saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an'  
rüled the Devon seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there  
below ?),

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went  
wi' heart at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Ply-  
mouth Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et  
by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's run-  
nin' low ;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit  
the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel  
as we drummed them long  
ago."



Drake he's in his hammock till the  
great Armadas come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there  
below ?),  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin'  
for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Ply-  
mouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him  
up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet  
the foe ;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the  
old flag flyin'  
They shall find him ware an'  
wakin', as they found him  
long ago !

## THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

It was eight bells ringing,  
For the morning watch was done,  
And the gunner's lads were singing  
As they polished every gun.  
It was eight bells ringing,  
And the gunner's lads were singing,  
For the ship she rode a-swinging  
As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !*

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,  
And to hear the round shot biting,  
For we're all in love with fighting  
On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,  
And the battle just begun,  
When the ship her way was winging  
As they loaded every gun.  
It was noontide ringing,  
When the ship her way was winging,  
And the gunner's lads were singing  
As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
There'll be few to tell the story,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !*

*There'll be many grim and gory,  
There'll be few to tell the story,  
But we'll all be one in glory  
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing  
At the setting of the sun,  
And a phantom voice is singing  
Of the great days done.  
There's a far bell ringing,  
And a phantom voice is singing  
Of renown for ever clinging  
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
And she's fading down the river,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !*



*Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
And she's fading down the river,  
But in England's song for ever  
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

## ADMIRALS ALL

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,

Here's to the bold and free !

Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,

Hail to the Kings of the Sea !

Admirals all, for England's sake,

Honour be yours and fame !

And honour, as long as waves shall  
break,

To Nelson's peerless name !

*Admirals all, for England's sake,*

*Honour be yours and fame !*

*And honour, as long as waves shall  
break,*

*To Nelson's peerless name !*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay  
With the galleons fair in sight ;  
Howard at last must give him his  
way,

And the word was passed to fight.  
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,  
Since holidays first began :  
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,  
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,  
Their cities he put to the sack ;  
He singed his Catholic Majesty's  
beard,

And harried his ships to wrack.  
He was playing at Plymouth a  
rubber of bowls

When the great Armada came ;

But he said, "They must wait their  
turn, good souls,"

And he stooped, and finished the  
game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen  
bold,

Duncan he had but two :

But he anchored them fast where  
the Texel shoaled

And his colours aloft he flew.

"I've taken the depth to a fathom,"  
he cried,

"And I'll sink with a right good  
will,

For I know when we're all of us  
under the tide,

My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,

When Nelson sailed the Sound :

“Mark you, I wouldn’t be elsewhere  
now,”

Said he, “for a thousand pound !”

The Admiral’s signal bade him fly,

But he wickedly wagged his head,

He clapped the glass to his sightless eye

And “I’m damned if I see it,” he  
said.

Admirals all, they said their say

(The echoes are ringing still),

Admirals all, they went their way

To the haven under the hill.

But they left us a kingdom none  
can take,

The realm of the circling sea,

To be ruled by the rightful sons of  
Blake

And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,*

*Honour be yours and fame !*

*And honour, as long as waves shall  
break,*

*To Nelson's peerless name !*



## SAN STEFANO

(A BALLAD OF THE BOLD  
MENELAUS)

It was morning at St. Helen's, in  
the great and gallant days,  
And the sea beneath the sun  
glittered wide,  
When the frigate set her courses, all  
a-shimmer in the haze,  
And she hauled her cable home  
and took the tide.  
She'd a right fighting company, three  
hundred men and more,  
Nine and forty guns in tackle  
running free;

And they cheered her from the shore  
for her colours at the fore,  
When the bold *Menelaus* put to  
sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three  
hundred men and more,  
Nine and forty guns in tackle run-  
ning free ;  
And they cheered her from the shore  
for her colours at the fore,  
When the bold Menelaus put to  
sea.*

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she  
was heading for the land,  
When she spied a pennant red and  
white and blue ;

They were foemen, and they knew it,  
and they'd half a league in  
hand,

But she flung aloft her royals and  
she flew.

She was nearer, nearer, nearer, they  
were caught beyond a doubt,  
But they slipped her, into Orbe-  
tello Bay,

And the lubbers gave a shout as they  
paid their cables out,

With the guns grinning round  
them where they lay.

Now Sir Peter was a captain of a  
famous fighting race,

Son and grandson of an admiral  
was he ;

And he looked upon the batteries,  
    he looked upon the chase,  
And he heard the shout that  
    echoed out to sea.

And he called across the decks,  
    “Ay! the cheering might  
    be late

    If they kept it till the *Menelaus*  
    runs;

Bid the master and his mate heave  
    the lead and lay her straight  
For the prize lying yonder by the  
    guns.”

When the summer moon was setting,  
    into Orbetello Bay  
Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a  
    ghost;

And her boats were manned in silence,  
and in silence pulled away,  
And in silence every gunner took  
his post.

With a volley from her broadside  
the citadel she woke,  
And they hammered back like  
heroes all the night;

But before the morning broke she  
had vanished through the  
smoke

With her prize upon her quarter  
grappled tight.

It was evening at St. Helen's, in the  
great and gallant time,  
And the sky behind the down was  
flushing far;

And the flags were all a-flutter, and  
the bells were all a-chime,

When the frigate cast her anchor  
off the bar.

She'd a right fighting company, three  
hundred men and more,

Nine and forty guns in tackle  
running free;

And they cheered her from  
shore for her colours at ~~the~~  
fore,

When the bold *Menelaus* ~~Came~~  
from sea.

*She'd a right fighting company ~~three~~  
hundred men and more*

*Nine and forty guns in tackle ~~run-~~  
ning free;*

*And they cheered her from the shore for  
her colours at the fore,  
When the bold Menelaus came from  
sea.*

## HAWKE

IN seventeen hundred and fifty-nine,  
When Hawke came swooping  
from the West,  
The French King's Admiral with  
twenty of the line,  
Was sailing forth, to sack us, out  
of Brest.  
The ports of France were crowded,  
the quays of France a-hum  
With thirty thousand soldiers march-  
ing to the drum,  
For bragging time was over and  
fighting time was come  
When Hawke came swooping  
from the West.



'Twas long past noon of a wild  
November day

When Hawke came swooping  
from the West;

He heard the breakers thundering  
in Quiberon Bay

But he flew the flag for battle,  
line abreast.

Down upon the quicksands roaring  
out of sight

Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly  
fell the night,

But they took the foe for pilot  
and the cannon's glare for  
light

When Hawke came swooping  
from the West.

The Frenchmen turned like a covey  
down the wind

When Hawke came swooping  
from the West;

One he sank with all hands, one he  
caught and pinned,

And the shallows and the storm  
took the rest.

The guns that should have conquered  
us they rusted on the shore,

The men that would have mastered us  
they drummed and marched  
no more,

For England was England, and a  
mighty brood she bore

When Hawke came swooping  
from the West.

## THE BRIGHT MEDUSA

(1807)

SHE's the daughter of the breeze,  
She's the darling of the seas,  
And we call her, if you please, the  
bright *Medu—sa*;  
From beneath her bosom bare  
To the snakes among her hair  
She's a flash o' golden light, the  
bright *Medu—sa*.

When the ensign dips above  
And the guns are all for love,  
She's as gentle as a dove, the  
bright *Medu—sa*;

38 THE BRIGHT MEDUSA.

But when the shot's in rack  
And her forestay flies the Jack,  
He's a merry man would slight the  
bright *Medu—sa*.

When she got the word to go  
Up to Monte Video,  
There she found the river low, the  
bright *Medu—sa* ;  
So she tumbled out her guns  
And a hundred of her sons,  
And she taught the Dons to fight  
the bright *Medu—sa*.

When the foeman can be found  
With the pluck to cross her ground,  
First she walks him round and  
round, the bright *Medu—sa* ;

Then she rakes him fore and aft  
Till he's just a jolly raft,  
And she grabs him like a kite, the  
bright *Medu—sa*.

She's the daughter of the breeze,  
She's the darling of the seas,  
And you'll call her, if you please,  
the bright *Medu—sa*;  
For till England's sun be set—  
And it's not for setting yet—  
She shall bear her name by right,  
the bright *Medu—sa*.

## THE OLD SUPERB

THE wind was rising easterly, the  
morning sky was blue,  
The Straits before us opened wide  
and free ;

We looked towards the Admiral,  
where high the Peter flew,  
And all our hearts were dancing  
like the sea.

“The French are gone to Martinique  
with four-and-twenty sail !  
The Old *Superb* is old and foul  
and slow,

But the French are gone to Martin-  
ique, and Nelson's on the  
trail,

And where he goes the Old *Superb*  
must go !”

*So Westward ho ! for Trinidad and  
Eastward ho ! for Spain,  
And “ Ship ahoy ! ” a hundred  
times a day ;*

*Round the world if need be, and  
round the world again,  
With a lame duck lagging all the  
way !*

The Old *Superb* was barnacled and  
green as grass below,  
Her sticks were only fit for stirring  
grog ;

The pride of all her midshipmen was  
silent long ago,

And long ago they ceased to heave  
the log.

Four year out from home she was,  
and ne'er a week in port,  
And nothing save the guns aboard  
her bright ;

But Captain Keats he knew the  
game, and swore to share the  
sport,

For he never yet came in too late  
to fight.

*So Westward ho ! for Trinidad and  
Eastward ho ! for Spain,  
And " Ship ahoy ! " a hundred  
times a day ;*



*Round the world if need be, ana  
round the world again,  
With a lame duck lagging all the  
way !*

“Now up, my lads !” the Captain  
cried, “for sure the case were  
hard

If longest out were first to fall  
behind.

Aloft, aloft with studding sails, and  
lash them on the yard,

For night and day the Trades are  
driving blind !”

So all day long and all day long  
behind the fleet we crept,

And how we fretted none but  
Nelson guessed ;

But every night the Old *Superb* she  
sailed when others slept,  
Till we ran the French to earth  
with all the rest !

*Oh, 'twas Westward ho ! for Trini-  
dad and Eastward ho ! for  
Spain,  
And "Ship ahoy !" a hundred  
times a day ;  
Round the world if need be, and  
round the world again,  
With a lame duck lagging all the  
way !*

## THE QUARTER-GUNNER'S YARN

WE lay at St. Helen's, and easy she  
rode

With one anchor catted and fresh-  
water stowed ;

When the barge came alongside like  
bullocks we roared,

For we knew what we carried with  
Nelson aboard.

Our Captain was Hardy, the pride  
of us all,

I'll ask for none better when danger  
shall call ;

46 QUARTER-GUNNER'S YARN.

He was hardy by nature and Hardy  
by name,  
And soon by his conduct to honour  
he came.

The third day the Lizard was under  
our lee,  
Where the *Ajax* and *Thunderer* joined  
us at sea,  
But what with foul weather and  
tacking about,  
When we sighted the Fleet we were  
thirteen days out.

The Captains they all came aboard  
quick enough,  
But the news that they brought was  
as heavy as duff;

So backward an enemy never was  
seen,  
They were harder to come at than  
Cheeks the Marine.

The lubbers had hare's lugs where  
seamen have ears,  
So we stowed all saluting and smothered  
our cheers,  
And to humour their stomachs and  
tempt them to dine,  
In the offing we showed them but  
six of the line.

One morning the topmen reported  
below  
The old *Agamemnon* escaped from  
the foe.

48 QUARTER-GUNNER'S YARN.

Says Nelson: "My lads, there'll be  
honour for some,  
For we're sure of a battle now Berry  
has come."

"Up hammocks!" at last cried the  
bo'sun at dawn;  
The guns were cast loose and the  
tompions drawn;  
The gunner was bustling the shot  
racks to fill,  
And "All hands to quarters!" was  
piped with a will.

We now saw the enemy bearing  
ahead,  
And to East of them Cape Trafalgar  
it was said,

'Tis a name we remember from  
father to son,  
That the days of old England may  
never be done.

The *Victory* led, to her flag it was  
due,  
Tho' the *Téméraires* thought them-  
selves Admirals too;  
But Lord Nelson he hailed them  
with masterful grace:  
"Cap'n Harvey, I'll thank you to  
keep in your place."

To begin with we closed the  
*Bucentaure* alone,  
An eighty-gun ship and their  
Admiral's own;

We raked her but once, and the rest  
of the day  
Like a hospital hulk on the water  
she lay.

To our battering next the *Redoubtable*  
struck,  
But her sharpshooters gave us the  
worst of the luck :  
Lord Nelson was wounded, most  
cruel to tell.  
“They’ve done for me, Hardy!” he  
cried as he fell.

To the cockpit in silence they carried  
him past,  
And sad were the looks that were  
after him cast ;



His face with a kerchief he tried  
to conceal,

But we knew him too well from  
the truck to the keel.

When the Captain reported a victory  
won,

“Thank God!” he kept saying, “my  
duty I’ve done.”

At last came the moment to kiss  
him good-bye,

And the Captain for once had the  
salt in his eye.

“Now anchor, dear Hardy,” the Ad-  
miral cried;

But before we could make it he  
fainted and died.

52 QUARTER-GUNNER'S YARN.

All night in the trough of the sea  
we were tossed,  
And for want of ground-tackle good  
prizes were lost.

Then we hauled down the flag, at  
the fore it was red,  
And blue at the mizzen was hoisted  
instead  
By Nelson's famed Captain, the pride  
of each tar,  
Who fought in the *Victory* off Cape  
Trafalgar.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

“The Old and Bold”

WHEN England sets her banner forth  
And bids her armour shine,  
She'll not forget the famous North,  
The lads of moor and Tyne;  
And when the loving-cup's in hand,  
And Honour leads the cry,  
They know not old Northumberland  
Who'll pass her memory by.

When Nelson sailed for Trafalgar  
With all his country's best,  
He held them dear as brothers are,  
But one beyond the rest.

For when the fleet with heroes manned  
To clear the decks began,  
The boast of old Northumberland  
He sent to lead the van.

Himself by *Victory's* bulwarks stood  
And cheered to see the sight;  
“That noble fellow Collingwood,  
How bold he goes to fight!”  
Love, that the league of Ocean spanned,  
Heard him as face to face;  
“What would he give, Northumberland,  
To share our pride of place?”

The flag that goes the world around  
And flaps on every breeze  
Has never gladdened fairer ground  
Or kinder hearts than these.

So when the loving-cup's in hand  
And Honour leads the cry,  
They know not old Northumberland  
Who'll pass her memory by.

FOR A TRAFALGAR  
CENOTAPH

LOVER of England, stand awhile and  
gaze

With thankful heart, and lips refrained  
from praise ;

They rest beyond the speech of  
human pride

Who served with Nelson and with  
Nelson died.

## CRAVEN

(MOBILE BAY, 1864)

OVER the turret, shut in his iron-  
clad tower,

Craven was conning his ship  
through smoke and flame ;

Gun to gun he had battered the  
fort for an hour,

Now was the time for a charge  
to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel,  
smooth and grim,

A hundred deaths beneath it, and  
never a sign ;

There lay the enemy's ships, and  
sink or swim

The flag was flying, and he was  
head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming; the  
monitor hung

Beating the stream; the roar for  
a moment hushed,

Craven spoke to the pilot; slow  
she swung;

Again he spoke, and right for  
the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between  
the shore

And the sunk torpedoes lying in  
treacherous rank;



She turned but a yard too short; a  
muffled roar,

A mountainous wave, and she  
rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the iron-  
clad tower,

Pilot and Captain met as they  
turned to fly:

The hundredth part of a moment  
seemed an hour,

For one could pass to be saved,  
and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream:

Craven spoke,

Spoke as he lived and fought,  
with a Captain's pride,

“After you, Pilot :” the pilot  
woke,  
Down the ladder he went, and  
Craven died.

*All men praise the deed and the  
manner, but we—*

*We set it apart from the pride that  
stoops to the proud,*

*The strength that is supple to serve the  
strong and free,*

*The grace of the empty hands and  
promises loud:*

*Sidney thirsting a humbler need to  
slake,*

*Nelson waiting his turn for the  
surgeon's hand,*

*Lucas crushed with chains for a com-  
rade's sake,*

*Outram coveting right before com-  
mand,*

*These were paladins, these were Craven's  
peers,*

*These with him shall be crowned in  
story and song,*

*Crowned with the glitter of steel and  
the glimmer of tears,*

*Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud  
and strong.*

## MESSMATES

HE gave us all a good-bye cheerily  
At the first dawn of day;  
We dropped him down the side full  
drearily

When the light died away.  
It's a dead dark watch that he's  
a-keeping there,  
And a long, long night that lags  
a-creeping there,  
Where the Trades and the tides roll  
over him

And the great ships go by.  
He's there alone with green seas  
rocking him  
For a thousand miles round;

He's there alone with dumb things  
mocking him,

And we're homeward bound.

It's a long, lone watch that he's  
a-keeping there,

And a dead cold night that lags  
a-creeping there,

While the months and the years  
roll over him

And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near  
enough

As they thrash to and fro,  
And the battle-ships' bells ring clear  
enough

To be heard down below;

If through all the lone watch that  
    he's a-keeping there,  
And the long, cold night that lags  
    a-creeping there,  
The voices of the sailor-men shall  
    comfort him  
When the great ships go by.

# THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

(AUGUST 7TH, 1657)

LADEN with spoil of the South,  
fulfilled with the glory of  
achievement,

And freshly crowned with never-  
dying fame,

Sweeping by shores where the names  
are the names of the victories  
of England,

Across the Bay the squadron  
homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride  
was the pomp of a funeral  
at midnight,

When dreader yet the lonely  
morrow looms ;

Few are the words that are spoken,  
and faces are gaunt beneath  
the torchlight

That does but darken more the  
nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past  
hope lay the Admiral trium-  
phant,

And fain to rest him after all his  
pain ;

Yet for the love that he bore to  
his own land, ever unfor-  
gotten,

He prayed to see the western  
hills again.



Fainter than stars in a sky long  
gray with the coming of the  
daybreak,

Or sounds of night that fade  
when night is done,

So in the death-dawn faded the  
splendour and loud renown  
of warfare, [one.

And life of all its longings kept but

“Oh ! to be there for an hour when  
the shade draws in beside the  
hedgerows,

And falling apples wake the drowsy  
noon :

Oh ! for the hour when the elms  
grow sombre and human in  
the twilight,

And gardens dream beneath the  
rising moon.

“Only to look once more on the land  
of the memories of childhood,  
Forgetting weary winds and barren  
foam :

Only to bid farewell to the combe  
and the orchard and the  
moorland,  
And sleep at last among the fields  
of home !”

So he was silently praying, till now,  
when his strength was ebbing  
faster,  
The Lizard lay before them faintly  
blue ;

Now on the gleaming horizon the  
white cliffs laughed along the  
coast-line,

And now the forelands took the  
shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island  
with green leaves down beside  
the water,

The town, the Hoe, the masts  
with sunset fired—

Dreams! ay, dreams of the dead!  
for the great heart faltered  
on the threshold,

And darkness took the land his  
soul desired.

## VÆ VICTIS

BESIDE the placid sea that mirrored  
her

With the old glory of dawn that  
cannot die,

The sleeping city began to moan  
and stir,

As one that fain from an ill  
dream would fly ;

Yet more she feared the daylight  
bringing nigh

Such dreams as know not sunrise,  
soon or late,—

Visions of honour lost and power  
gone by,

Of loyal valour betrayed by factious  
hate,  
And craven sloth that shrank from  
the labour of forging  
fate.

They knew and knew not, this  
bewildered crowd  
That up her streets in silence  
hurrying passed,  
What manner of death should make  
their anguish loud,  
What corpse across the funeral  
pyre be cast,  
For none had spoken it; only,  
gathering fast  
As darkness gathers at noon in the  
sun's eclipse,

A shadow of doom enfolded  
    them, vague and vast,  
And a cry was heard, unfathered  
    of earthly lips,  
“What of the ships, O Carthage!  
    Carthage, what of the  
    ships?”

They reached the wall, and nowise  
    strange it seemed  
To find the gates unguarded and  
    open wide;  
They climbed the shoulder, and  
    meet enough they deemed  
The black that shrouded the sea-  
    ward rampart's side  
And veiled in drooping gloom  
    the turrets' pride;

But this was nought, for suddenly  
down the slope

They saw the harbour, and sense  
within them died; [rope;  
Keel nor mast was there, rudder nor  
It lay like a sea-hawk's eyry spoiled  
of life and hope.

Beyond, where dawn was a glitter-  
ing carpet, rolled

From sky to shore on level and  
endless seas,

Hardly their eyes discerned in a  
dazzle of gold

That here in fifties, yonder in  
twos and threes,

The ships they sought, like a  
swarm of drowning bees

By a wanton gust on the pool of  
a mill-dam hurled,  
Floated forsaken of life-giving  
tide and breeze,  
Their oars broken, their sails for  
ever furled,  
For ever deserted the bulwarks that  
guarded the wealth of the  
world.

A moment yet, with breathing  
quickly drawn  
And hands agrip, the Cartha-  
ginian folk  
Stared in the bright untroubled  
face of dawn,  
And strove with vehement  
heaped denial to choke



Their sure surmise of fate's  
impending stroke;  
Vainly—for even now beneath  
their gaze  
A thousand delicate spires of  
distant smoke  
Reddened the disc of the sun with  
a stealthy haze,  
And the smouldering grief of a nation  
burst with the kindling  
blaze.

“O dying Carthage!” so their  
passion raved,  
“Would nought but these the  
conqueror's hate assuage?  
If these be taken, how may the  
land be saved

Whose meat and drink was  
empire, age by age? ”

And bitter memory cursed with  
idle rage

The greed that coveted gold above  
renown,

The feeble hearts that feared  
their heritage,

The hands that cast the sea-kings’  
sceptre down

And left to alien brows their famed  
ancestral crown.

The endless noon, the endless even-  
ing through,

All other needs forgetting, great  
or small,

They drank despair with thirst  
whose torment grew

As the hours died beneath that  
stifling pall.

At last they saw the fires to  
blackness fall

One after one, and slowly turned  
them home,

A little longer yet their own to  
call

A city enslaved, and wear the bonds  
of Rome,

With weary hearts foreboding all the  
woe to come.

## MINORA SIDERA

(THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL  
BIOGRAPHY)

SITTING at times over a hearth that  
burns

With dull domestic glow,  
My thought, leaving the book, grate-  
fully turns

To you who planned it so.

Not of the great only you deigned  
to tell—

The stars by which we steer—  
But lights out of the night that  
flashed, and fell

Tonight again, are here.

Such as were those, dogs of an elder  
day,

Who sacked the golden ports,  
And those later who dared grapple  
their prey

Beneath the harbour forts:

Some with flag at the fore, sweeping  
the world

To find an equal fight,  
And some who joined war to their  
trade, and hurled

Ships of the line in flight.

Whether their fame centuries long  
should ring

They cared not over-much,

But cared greatly to serve God and  
the king,

And keep the Nelson touch;

And fought to build Britain above  
the tide

Of wars and windy fate;

And passed content, leaving to us  
the pride

Of lives obscurely great.

## LAUDABUNT ALII

(AFTER HORACE)

LET others praise, as fancy wills,  
    Berlin beneath her trees,  
Or Rome upon her seven hills,  
    Or Venice by her seas;  
Stamboul by double tides embraced,  
Or green Damascus in the waste.

For me there's nought I would not  
    leave

For the good Devon land,  
Whose orchards down the echoing  
    cleeve

Bedewed with spray-drift stand,

And hardly bear the red fruit up  
That shall be next year's cider-cup.

You too, my friend, may wisely mark  
How clear skies follow rain,  
And lingering in your own green  
park

Or drilled on Laffan's Plain,  
Forget not with the festal bowl  
To soothe at times your weary soul.

When Drake must bid to Plymouth  
Hoe

Good-bye for many a day,  
And some were sad that feared to go,  
And some that dared not stay,  
Be sure he bade them broach the best  
And raised his tankard with the rest.



“Drake’s luck to all that sail with  
Drake

For promised lands of gold!

Brave lads, whatever storms may  
break,

We’ve weathered worse of old!

To-night the loving-cup we’ll drain,

To-morrow for the Spanish Main!”

## ADMIRAL DEATH

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-  
night?

(Hear what the sea-wind saith)

Fill for a bumper strong and bright,

And here's to Admiral Death!

He's sailed in a hundred builds o'  
boat,

He's fought in a thousand kinds o'  
coat,

He's the senior flag of all that  
float,

And his name's Admiral Death!

Which of you looks for a service  
free?

(Hear what the sea-wind saith)

The rules o' the service are but  
three

When ye sail with Admiral Death.  
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,  
Stand to the last by him that falls,  
And answer clear to the voice that  
calls,

“Ay, Ay! Admiral Death!”

How will ye know him among the  
rest?

(Hear what the sea-wind saith)

By the glint o' the stars that cover  
his breast

Ye may find Admiral Death.

By the forehead grim with an ancient  
scar,

By the voice that rolls like thunder far,

By the tenderest eyes of all that are,  
Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed be-  
fore?

(Hear what the sea-wind saith)  
Their bones are white by many a  
shore,

They sleep with Admiral Death.  
Oh! but they loved him, young and  
old,

For he left the laggard, and took  
the bold,

And the fight was fought, and the  
story's told,

And they sleep with Admiral  
Death.

## HOMeward BOUND

AFTER long labouring in the windy  
ways,

On smooth and shining tides

Swiftly the great ship glides,

Her storms forgot, her weary  
watches past ;

Northward she glides, and through  
the enchanted haze

Faint on the verge her far hope  
dawns at last.

The phantom sky-line of a shadowy  
down,

Whose pale white cliffs below

Through sunny mist aglow,

Like noon-day ghosts of summer  
moonshine gleam—

Soft as old sorrow, bright as old  
renown,

There lies the home of all our  
mortal dream.

## GILLESPIE

RIDING at dawn, riding alone,  
Gillespie left the town behind ;  
Before he turned by the Westward  
road

A horseman crossed him, staggering  
blind.

“The Devil’s abroad in false Vellore,  
The Devil that stabs by night,”  
he said,

“Women and children, rank and file,  
Dying and dead, dying and dead.”

Without a word, without a groan,  
Sudden and swift Gillespie turned,

The blood roared in his ears like  
fire,  
Like fire the road beneath him  
burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,  
He thundered up through Arcot  
town,  
Before he thought a second thought  
In the barrack yard he lighted  
down.

“Trumpeter, sound for the Light  
Dragoons,  
Sound to saddle and spur,” he  
said ;  
“He that is ready may ride with me,  
And he that can may ride ahead.”



Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,  
    Behind him went the troopers grim,  
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons  
    But never a man could ride with  
    him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,  
    Their hearts were red with a  
        deeper goad,  
But ever alone before them all  
    Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore,  
    The walls were lined, the gates  
        were barred ;  
Alone he walked where the bullets bit,  
    And called above to the Sergeant's  
        Guard.

“Sergeant, Sergeant, over the gate,  
Where are your officers all ? ” he  
said ;  
Heavily came the Sergeant’s voice,  
“There are two living and forty  
dead.”

“A rope, a rope,” Gillespie cried :  
They bound their belts to serve  
his need ;  
There was not a rebel behind the wall  
But laid his barrel and drew his  
bead.

There was not a rebel among them  
all  
But pulled his trigger and cursed  
his aim,

For lightly swung and rightly swung  
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the  
charge,

They swept the wall like a stream  
in spate,

And roaring over the roar they  
heard

The galloper guns that burst the  
gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,

The troopers rode the reeking  
flight :

The very stones remember still

The end of them that stab by  
night.

They've kept the tale a hundred  
years,

They'll keep the tale a hundred  
more :

Riding at dawn, riding alone,  
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

## SERINGAPATAM

“THE sleep that Tippoo Sahib sleeps  
Heeds not the cry of man ;  
The faith that Tippoo Sahib keeps  
No judge on earth may scan ;  
He is the lord of whom ye hold  
Spirit and sense and limb,  
Fetter and chain are all ye gain  
Who dared to plead with him.”

Baird was bonny and Baird was  
young,

/ His heart was strong as steel,  
But life and death in the balance  
hung,

For his wounds were ill to heal.

“Of fifty chains the Sultan gave

We have filled but forty-nine :

We dare not fail of the perfect tale

For all Golconda's mine.”

That was the hour when Lucas  
first

Leapt to his long renown ;

Like summer rains his anger burst,

And swept their scruples down.

“Tell ye the lord to whom ye crouch,

His fetters bite their fill :

To save your oath I'll wear them  
both,

And step the lighter still.”

The seasons came, the seasons passed,

They watched their fellows die ;

But still their thought was forward  
cast,

    Their courage still was high.  
Through tortured days and fevered  
    nights

    Their limbs alone were weak,  
And year by year they kept their  
    cheer,

And spoke as freemen speak.

But once a year, on the fourth of June,  
    Their speech to silence died,  
And the silence beat to a soundless  
    tune

And sang with a wordless pride;  
Till when the Indian stars were  
    bright,

And bells at home would ring,

To the fetters' clank they rose and  
drank

“England! God save the King!”

The years came, and the years went,  
The wheel full-circle rolled;  
The tyrant's neck must yet be bent,  
The price of blood be told:  
The city yet must hear the roar  
Of Baird's avenging guns,  
And see him stand with lifted hand  
By Tippoo Sahib's sons.

The lads were bonny, the lads were  
young,  
But he claimed a pitiless debt;  
Life and death in the balance hung,  
They watched it swing and set.



They saw him search with sombre  
eyes,

They knew the place he sought ;  
They saw him feel for the hilted  
steel,

They bowed before his thought.

But he—he saw the prison there  
In the old quivering heat,  
Where merry hearts had met de-  
spair

And died without defeat ;  
Where feeble hands had raised the  
cup

For feebler lips to drain,  
And one had worn with smiling  
scorn

His double load of pain.

“The sleep that Tippoo Sahib sleeps  
Hears not the voice of man;

The faith that Tippoo Sahib keeps

No earthly judge may scan;

For all the wrong your father  
wrought

Your father's sons are free;

Where Lucas lay no tongue shall say

That Mercy bound not me.”

A BALLAD OF JOHN  
NICHOLSON

It fell in the year of Mutiny,

At darkest of the night,

John Nicholson by Jalándhar came,

On his way to Delhi fight.

And as he by Jalándhar came

He thought what he must do,

And he sent to the Rajah fair greet-  
ing,

To try if he were true.

“God grant your Highness length of  
days,

And friends when need shall be ;

And I pray you send your Captains  
hither,

That they may speak with me."

On the morrow through Jahándhar  
town

The Captains rode in state;  
They came to the house of John  
Nicholson  
And stood before the gate.

The chief of them was Mehtab Singh,  
He was both proud and sly;  
His turban gleamed with rubies red,  
He held his chin full high.

He marked his fellows how they put  
Their shoes from off their feet;

“Now wherefore make ye such ado  
These fallen lords to greet?

“They have ruled us for a hundred  
years,

In truth I know not how,  
But though they be fain of mastery,  
They dare not claim it now.”

Right haughtily before them all  
The durbar hall he trod,  
With rubies red his turban gleamed,  
His feet with pride were shod.

They had not been an hour together,  
A scanty hour or so,  
When Mehtab Singh rose in his  
place  
And turned about to go.

Then swiftly came John Nicholson  
Between the door and him,  
With anger smouldering in his eyes  
That made the rubies dim.

“You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,”—  
Oh, but his voice was low!  
He held his wrath with a curb of  
iron,  
That furrowed cheek and brow.

“You are overhasty, Mehtab Singh,  
When that the rest are gone,  
I have a word that may not wait  
To speak with you alone.”

The Captains passed in silence forth  
And stood the door behind;

To go before the game was played  
Be sure they had no mind.

But there within John Nicholson  
Turned him on Mehtab Singh,  
“So long as the soul is in my body  
You shall not do this thing.

“Have ye served us for a hundred  
years  
And yet ye know not why?  
We brook no doubt of our mastery,  
We rule until we die.

“Were I the one last Englishman  
Drawing the breath of life,  
And you the master-rebel of all  
That stir this land to strife—

“Were I,” he said, “but a Corporal,

And you a Rajput King,  
So long as the soul was in my body  
You should not do this thing.

“Take off, take off those shoes of  
pride,

Carry them whence they came ;  
Your Captains saw your insolence  
And they shall see your shame.”

When Mehtab Singh came to the  
door

His shoes they burned his  
hand,

For there in long and silent lines  
He saw the Captains stand.



When Mehtab Singh rode from the  
gate

His chin was on his breast:

The Captains said, "When the strong  
command

Obedience is best."

## THE GUIDES AT CABUL

(1879)

SONS of the Island Race, wherever ye  
dwell,

Who speak of your fathers' battles  
with lips that burn,

The deed of an alien legion hear me  
tell,

And think not shame from the  
hearts ye tamed to learn,

When succour shall fail and the  
tide for a season turn,

To fight with a joyful courage, a  
passionate pride,

To die at the last as the Guides at  
Cabul died.

For a handful of seventy men in a  
barrack of mud,

Foodless, waterless, dwindling one  
by one,

Answered a thousand yelling for  
English blood

With stormy volleys that swept  
them gunner from gun,

And charge on charge in the glare  
of the Afghan sun,

Till the walls were shattered wherein  
they crouched at bay,

And dead or dying half of the seventy  
lay.

Twice they had taken the cannon  
that wrecked their hold,

Twice toiled in vain to drag it back,

Thrice they toiled, and alone, wary  
and bold,

Whirling a hurricane sword to  
scatter the rack,

Hamilton, last of the English, covered  
their track.

“Never give in!” he cried, and he  
heard them shout,

And grappled with death as a man  
that knows not doubt.

And the Guides looked down from  
their smouldering barrack  
again,

And behold, a banner of truce, and  
a voice that spoke:

“Come, for we know that the English  
all are slain,

THE GUIDES AT CABUL. III

We keep no feud with men of a  
kindred folk ;

Rejoice with us to be free of the  
conqueror's yoke."

Silence fell for a moment, then was  
heard

A sound of laughter and scorn, and  
an answering word.

"Is it we or the lords we serve who  
have earned this wrong,

That ye call us to flinch from  
the battle they bade us  
fight?

We that live—do ye doubt that our  
hands are strong?

They that have fallen—ye know  
that their blood was bright!

112 THE GUIDES AT CABUL.

Think ye the Guides will barter  
for lust of the light  
The pride of an ancient people in  
warfare bred,  
Honour of comrades living, and faith  
to the dead?"

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's  
heart  
To the last thundering gallop and  
sheer leap  
Came on the men of the Guides;  
they flung apart  
The doors not all their valour could  
longer keep;  
They dressed their slender line;  
they breathed deep,

THE GUIDES AT CABUL. 113

And with never a foot lagging or  
head bent,

To the clash and clamour and dust  
of death they went.

## THE GAY GORDONS

(DARGAI, OCTOBER 20TH, 1897)

WHO'S for the Gathering, who's for  
the Fair?

*(Gay goes the Gordon to a fight)*

THE bravest of the brave are at dead-  
lock there,

*(Highlanders! march! by the right!)*

THERE are bullets by the hundred  
buzzing in the air;

THERE are bonny lads lying on the  
hillside bare;

BUT the Gordons know what the  
Gordons dare

When they hear the pipers play-  
ing!



The happiest English heart to-day

*(Gay goes the Gordon to a fight)*

In the heart of the Colonel, hide it  
as he may

*(Steady there! steady on the right!)*

He sees his work and he sees the  
way,

He knows his time and the word to  
say,

And he's thinking of the tune that  
the Gordons play

When he sets the pipers playing!

Rising, roaring, rushing like the tide,

*(Gay goes the Gordon to a fight)*

They're up through the fire-zone,  
not to be denied;

*(Bayonets! and charge! by the right!)*

Thirty bullets straight where the rest  
went wide,  
And thirty lads are lying on the bare  
hillside ;  
But they passed in the hour of the  
Gordons' pride,  
To the skirl of the pipers' playing.

## HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

“YE have robbed,” said he, “ye have  
slaughtered and made an end,  
Take your ill-got plunder, and  
bury the dead :

What will ye more of your guest and  
sometime friend ? ”

“ Blood for our blood,” they said.

He laughed : “ If one may settle the  
score for five,

I am ready ; but let the reckoning  
stand till day :

I have loved the sunlight as dearly  
as any alive.”

“ You shall die at dawn,” said they

118 HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

He flung his empty revolver down  
the slope,

He climbed alone to the Eastward  
edge of the trees ;

All night long in a dream untroubled  
of hope

He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar  
that fills

The ravine where the Yassin river  
sullenly flows ;

He did not see the starlight on the  
Laspur hills,

Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books  
aglow,

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES. 119

The wistaria trailing in at the  
window wide ;

He heard his father's voice from the  
terrace below

Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across  
the park,

The mounds that hide the loved  
and honoured dead ;

The Norman arch, the chancel softly  
dark,

The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and  
green,

The runner beside him, the stand  
by the parapet wall,

120 HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

The distant tape, and the crowd  
    roaring between

His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and tim-  
    bered roof,

The long tables, and the faces  
    merry and keen;

The College Eight and their trainer  
    dining aloof,

The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watched the liner's stem plough-  
    ing the foam,

He felt her trembling speed and  
    the thrash of her screw;

He heard her passengers' voices talk-  
    ing of home,

He saw the flag she flew.

HE FELL AMONG THIEVES. 121

And now it was dawn. He rose  
strong on his feet,

And strode to his ruined camp  
below the wood;

He drank the breath of the morning  
cool and sweet;

His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was  
broadening fast,

The blood-red snow-peaks chilled  
to a dazzling white:

He turned, and saw the golden circle  
at last,

Cut by the Eastern height.

“O glorious Life, Who dwellest in  
earth and sun,

122 HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

I have lived, I praise and adore  
Thee."

A sword swept.  
Over the pass the voices one by one  
Faded, and the hill slept.



## IONICUS

WITH failing feet and shoulders  
bowed

Beneath the weight of happier  
days,

He lagged among the heedless crowd,  
Or crept along suburban ways.

But still through all his heart was  
young,

His mood a joy that nought could  
mar,

A courage, a pride, a rapture, sprung  
Of the strength and splendour of  
England's war.

From ill-requited toil he turned  
To ride with Picton and with  
Pack,  
Among his grammars inly burned  
To storm the Afghan mountain-  
track.  
When midnight chimed, before  
Quebec  
He watched with Wolfe till the  
morning star;  
At noon he saw from *Victory's*  
deck  
The sweep and splendour of Eng-  
land's war.  
Beyond the book his teaching sped,  
He left on whom he taught the  
trace

Of kinship with the deathless dead,  
And faith in all the Island Race.

He passed: his life a tangle seemed,  
His age from fame and power was  
far;

But his heart was high to the end,  
and dreamed

Of the sound and splendour of  
England's war.

## THE NON-COMBATANT

AMONG a race high-handed, strong  
of heart,

Sea-rovers, conquerors, builders in the  
waste,

He had his birth ; a nature too com-  
plete,

Eager and doubtful, no man's soldier  
sworn

And no man's chosen captain ; born  
to fail,

A name without an echo : yet he too  
Within the cloister of his narrow days  
Fulfilled the ancestral rites, and kept  
alive

The eternal fire; it may be, not in  
vain;

For out of those who dropped a  
downward glance

Upon the weakling huddled at his  
prayers,

Perchance some looked beyond him,  
and then first

Beheld the glory, and what shrine it  
filled,

And to what Spirit sacred: or per-  
chance

Some heard him chanting, though  
but to himself,

The old heroic names: and went  
their way:

And hummed his music on the march  
to death.

## CLIFTON CHAPEL

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,  
Your father thought the thoughts  
of youth,

And heard the words that one by one  
The touch of Life has turned to  
truth.

Here in a day that is not far,  
You too may speak with noble  
ghosts

Of manhood and the vows of war  
You made before the Lord of  
Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the  
prize,

To honour, while you strike him  
down,

The foe that comes with fearless  
eyes;

To count the life of battle good,  
And dear the land that gave you  
birth,

And dearer yet the brotherhood  
That binds the brave of all the  
earth—

My son, the oath is yours: the  
end

Is His, Who built the world of  
strife,

Who gave His children Pain for  
friend,

And Death for surest hope of life.

To-day and here the fight's begun,  
Of the great fellowship you're free ;  
Henceforth the School and you are  
one,  
And what You are, the race  
shall be.

God send you fortune : yet be sure,  
Among the lights that gleam and  
pass,  
You'll live to follow none more pure  
Than that which glows on yonder  
brass.

" *Qui procul hinc,*" the legend's writ,—  
The frontier-grave is far away—  
" *Qui ante diem perit :*  
*Sed miles, sed pro patria.*"



## VITAI LAMPADA

THERE's a breathless hush in the Close  
to-night—

Ten to make and the match to win—  
A bumping pitch and a blinding  
light,

An hour to play and the last  
man in.

And it's not for the sake of a  
ribboned coat,

Or the selfish hope of a season's  
fame,

But his Captain's hand on his shoulder  
smote—

“Play up! play up! and play the  
game!”

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—  
Red with the wreck of a square  
that broke ;—

The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel  
dead,  
And the regiment blind with dust  
and smoke.

The river of death has brimmed his  
banks,  
And England's far, and Honour  
a name,

But the voice of a schoolboy rallies  
the ranks :

“ Play up ! play up ! and play the  
game ! ”

This is the word that year by year,  
While in her place the School is set,

Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget.  
This they all with a joyful mind  
Bear through life like a torch in  
flame,  
And falling fling to the host behind—  
“ Play up ! play up ! and play the  
game ! ”

## THE VIGIL

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame  
Burns before the inmost shrine,  
Where the lips that love thy name  
Consecrate their hopes and thine,  
Where the banners of thy dead  
Weave their shadows overhead,  
Watch beside thine arms to-night,  
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes  
War shall claim command of all,  
Thou must hear the roll of drums,  
Thou must hear the trumpet's  
call.

Now before they silence ruth,  
Commune with the voice of truth;  
England! on thy knees to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right.

Hast thou counted up the cost,  
What to foeman, what to friend?  
Glory sought is Honour lost,  
How should this be knighthood's  
end?

Know'st thou what is Hatred's  
meed?

What the surest gain of Greed?  
England! wilt thou dare to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right?

Single-hearted, unafraid,  
Hither all thy heroes came,

On this altar's steps were laid  
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.  
England! if thy will be yet  
By their great example set,  
Here beside thine arms to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes  
Rise to conquer or to fall,  
Joyful hear the rolling drums,  
Joyful hear the trumpets call.  
Then let Memory tell thy heart;  
“*England! what thou wert, thou  
art!*”

Gird thee with thine ancient might,  
Forth! and God defend the Right!

# THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS

(OCTOBER, 1899)

THEY saw the cables loosened, they saw  
the gangways cleared,

They heard the women weeping, they  
heard the men that cheered;

Far off, far off, the tumult faded and  
died away,

And all alone the sea-wind came sing-  
ing up the Bay.

“ I came by Cape St. Vincent, I came  
by Trafalgar,

I swept from Torres Vedras to golden  
Vigo Bar,

I saw the beacons blazing that fired  
the world with light

When down their ancient highway  
your fathers passed to fight.

“ O race of tireless fighters, flushed with  
a youth renewed,

Right well the wars of Freedom befit  
the Sea-kings' brood;

Yet as ye go forget not the fame of  
yonder shore,

The fame ye owe your fathers and  
the old time before.

“ Long-suffering were the Sea-kings,  
they were not swift to kill,

But when the sands had fallen they  
waited no man's will;



Though all the world forbade them,  
they counted not nor cared,  
They weighed not help or hindrance,  
they did the thing they dared.

“ The Sea-kings loved not boasting,  
they cursed not him that cursed,  
They honoured all men duly, and him  
that faced them, first ;  
They strove and knew not hatred,  
they smote and toiled to save,  
They tended whom they vanquished,  
they praised the fallen brave.

“ Their fame's on Torres Vedras, their  
fame's on Vigo Bar,  
Far-flashed to Cape St. Vincent it  
burns from Trafalgar ;

140 SAILING OF LONG-SHIPS.

Mark as ye go the beacons that woke  
the world with light

When down their ancient highway  
your fathers passed to fight."

## WAGGON HILL

Drake in the North Sea grimly  
prowling,

Treading his dear *Revenge's* deck,  
Watched, with the sea-dogs round  
him growling,

Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.

"Fetter and Faith for England's  
neck,

Paggot and Father, Saint and  
chain,—

Yonder the Devil and all go howling,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and  
rain!"

Drake at the last off Nombre lying,  
Knowing the night that toward  
him crept,

Gave to the sea-dogs round him  
crying

This for a sign before he slept :—

“Pride of the West! What  
Devon hath kept

Devon shall keep on tide or main;  
Call to the storm and drive them  
flying,

Devon, O Devon, in wind and  
rain!”

Valour of England gaunt and white-  
ning,

Far in a South land brought to  
bay,

Locked in a death-grip all day  
tightening,  
Waited the end in twilight gray.  
Battle and storm and the sea-  
dog's way !  
Drake from his long rest turned  
again,  
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and  
rain !

## THE VOLUNTEER

“ HE leapt to arms unbidden,  
Unneeded, over-bold ;  
His face by earth is hidden,  
His heart in earth is cold.

“ Curse on the reckless daring  
That could not wait the call,  
The proud fantastic bearing  
That would be first to fall ! ”

O tears of human passion,  
Blur not the image true ;  
This was not folly's fashion,  
This was the man we knew.

## THE ONLY SON

O BITTER wind toward the sunset  
blowing,

What of the dales to-night?

In yonder gray old hall what fires are  
glowing,

What ring of festal light?

*"In the great window as the day was  
dwindling*

*I saw an old man stand;*

*His head was proudly held and his eyes  
kindling,*

*But the list shook in his hand."*

O wind of twilight, was there no  
word uttered,

No sound of joy or wail?

“‘*A great fight and a good death,*’ he  
muttered;

‘*Trust him, he would not fail.*’”

What of the chamber dark where she  
was lying

For whom all life is done?

“*Within her heart she rocks a dead child,*  
crying

‘*My son, my little son.*’”



## THE GRENADIER'S GOOD-BYE

“When Lieutenant Murray fell, the only words he spoke were, ‘Forward, Grenadiers!’”—*Press Telegram.*

HERE they halted, here once more  
Hand from hand was rent;  
Here his voice above the roar  
Rang, and on they went.  
Yonder out of sight they crossed,  
Yonder died the cheers;  
One word lives where all is lost—  
“Forward, Grenadiers!”

This alone he asked of fame,  
This alone of pride;

Still with this he faced the flame,  
Answered Death, and died.  
Crest of battle sunward tossed,  
Song of the marching years,  
This shall live though all be lost—  
“Forward, Grenadiers!”

## THE SCHOOLFELLOW

OUR game was his but yesteryear;  
We wished him back; we could  
not know

The self-same hour we missed him  
here

He led the line that broke the foe.

Blood-red behind our guarded posts  
Sank as of old the dying day;  
The battle ceased; the mingled hosts  
Weary and cheery went their way:

“To-morrow well may bring,” we said,  
“As fair a fight, as clear a sun.”  
Dear lad, before the word was sped,  
For evermore thy goal was won.

## ON SPION KOP

FOREMOST of all on battle's fiery  
steep

Here VERTUE fell, and here he  
sleeps his sleep.\*

A fairer name no Roman ever gave  
To stand sole monument on Valour's  
grave.

\* Major N. H. Vertue, of the Buffs, Brigade-Major to General Woodgate, was buried where he fell, on the edge of Spion Kop, in front of the British position.

## THE SCHOOL AT WAR

ALL night before the brink of death  
In fitful sleep the army lay,  
For through the dream that stilled  
their breath  
Too gauntly glared the coming  
day.

But we, within whose blood there  
leaps  
The fulness of a life as wide  
As Avon's water where he sweeps  
Seaward at last with Severn's tide,  
We heard beyond the desert night  
The murmur of the fields we  
knew,

152 THE SCHOOL AT WAR.

And our swift souls with one delight  
Like homing swallows Northward  
flew.

We played again the immortal games,  
And grappled with the fierce old  
friends,  
And cheered the dead undying names,  
And sang the song that never  
ends ;

Till, when the hard, familiar bell  
Told that the summer night was  
late,  
Where long ago we said farewell  
We said farewell by the old  
gate.

“O Captains unforgot,” they cried,  
“Come you again or come no more,  
Across the world you keep the pride,  
Across the world we mark the  
score.”

## BY THE HEARTH-STONE

By the hearth-stone

She sits alone,

The long night bearing:

With eyes that gleam

Into the dream

Of the firelight staring.

Low and more low

The dying glow

Burns in the embers;

She nothing heeds

And nothing needs—

Only remembers.



## PEACE

No more to watch by Night's eternal  
shore,

With England's chivalry at dawn  
to ride;

No more defeat, faith, victory—O!  
no more

A cause on earth for which we  
might have died.

## APRIL ON WAGGON HILL

LAD, and can you rest now,  
    There beneath your hill!  
Your hands are on your breast now  
    But is your heart so still?  
'Twas the right death to die, lad,  
    A gift without regret,  
But unless truth's a lie, lad,  
    You dream of Devon yet.

Ay, ay, the year's awaking,  
    The fire's among the ling,  
The beechen hedge is breaking,  
    The curlew's on the wing;

Primroses are out, lad,  
On the high banks of Lee,  
And the sun stirs the trout, lad,  
From Brendon to the sea.

I know what's in your heart, lad,—  
The mare he used to hunt—  
And her blue market-cart, lad,  
With posies tied in front—  
We miss them from the moor road,  
They're getting old to roam,  
The road they're on's a sure road  
And nearer, lad, to home.

Your name, the name they cherish?  
'Twill fade, lad, 'tis true:  
But stone and all may perish  
With little loss to you.

158 APRIL ON WAGGON HILL.

While fame's fame you're Devon, lad,  
The Glory of the West;  
Till the roll's called in heaven, lad,  
You may well take your rest.

## COMMEMORATION

I SAT by the granite pillar, and sunlight fell

Where the sunlight fell of old,  
And the hour was the hour my heart  
remembered well,

And the sermon rolled and rolled  
As it used to roll when the place  
was still unhaunted,  
And the strangest tale in the world  
was still untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing  
of urgent sound  
That I so clearly heard,

The green young forest of saplings  
clustered round

Was heeding not one word :

Their heads were bowed in a still  
serried patience

Such as an angel's breath could never  
have stirred.

For some were already away to the  
hazardous pitch,

Or lining the parapet wall,

And some were in glorious battle, or  
great and rich,

Or throned in a college hall :

And among the rest was one like my  
own young phantom,

Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost  
call.

“ O Youth,” the preacher was crying,  
 “ deem not thou  
 Thy life is thine alone ;  
 Thou bearest the will of the ages,  
 seeing how  
 They built thee bone by  
 bone,  
 And within thy blood the Great Age  
 sleeps sepulchred  
 Till thou and thine shall roll away  
 the stone.

“ Therefore the days are coming when  
 thou shalt burn  
 With passion whitely hot ;  
 Rest shall be rest no more ; thy feet  
 shall spurn  
 All that thy hand hath got ;

And One that is stronger shall gird  
thee, and lead thee swiftly  
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou  
wouldest not."

And the School passed; and I saw  
the living and dead  
Set in their seats again,  
And I longed to hear them speak of  
the word that was said,  
But I knew that I longed in vain.  
And they stretched forth their hands,  
and the wind of the spirit  
took them  
Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless  
plain.



## THE ECHO

OF A BALLAD SUNG BY H. PLUNKET  
GREENE TO HIS OLD SCHOOL

TWICE three hundred boys were we,  
*Long ago, long ago,*  
Where the Downs look out to the  
Severn Sea.

*Clifton for aye!*  
We held by the game and hailed the  
team,  
For many could play where few  
could dream.

*City of Song shall stand alway.*  
Some were for profit and some for  
pride,  
*Long ago, long ago,*

Some for the flag they lived and died.

*Clifton for aye!*

The work of the world must still be  
done,

And minds are many though truth  
be one.

*City of Song shall stand alway.*

But a lad there was to his fellows  
sang,

*Long ago, long ago,*

And soon the world to his music rang.

*Clifton for aye!*

Follow your Captains, crown your  
Kings,

But what will ye give to the lad  
that sings?

*City of Song shall stand alway.*

For the voice ye hear is the voice  
of home,

*Long ago, long ago,*

And the voice of Youth with the  
world to roam.

*Clifton for aye!*

The voice of passion and human tears,  
And the voice of the vision that lights  
the years.

*City of Song shall stand alway.*

## THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

It's good to see the School we knew,  
The land of youth and dream,  
To greet again the rule we knew  
Before we took the stream :  
Though long we've missed the sight  
of her,  
Our hearts may not forget ;  
We've lost the old delight of her,  
We keep her honour yet.

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,  
The best School of all :  
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call.*

*For, working days or holidays,  
And glad or melancholy days,  
They were great days and jolly days  
At the best School of all.*

The stars and sounding vanities  
That half the crowd bewitch,  
What are they but inanities  
To him that treads the pitch?  
And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,  
Could buy the cheers that roll  
When the last charge goes thundering  
Beneath the twilight goal?

The men that tanned the hide of us,  
Our daily foes and friends,

They shall not lose their pride of us,  
Howe'er the journey ends.

Their voice, to us who sing of it,  
No more its message bears,  
But the round world shall ring of it  
And all we are be theirs.

To speak of Fame a venture is,  
There's little here can bide,  
But we may face the centuries,  
And dare the deepening tide:  
For though the dust that's part of us  
To dust again be gone,  
Yet here shall beat the heart of us—  
The School we handed on!

*We'll honour yet the School we knew,  
The best School of all:*

*We'll honour yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call.*

*For, working days or holidays,  
And glad or melancholy days,  
They were great days and jolly days  
At the best School of all.*

## ENGLAND

PRAISE thou with praise unending,  
    The Master of the Wine;  
To all their portions sending  
    Himself he mingled thine:

The sea-born flush of morning,  
    The sea-born hush of night,  
The East wind comfort scorning,  
    And the North wind driving  
    right:

The world for gain and giving,  
    The game for man and boy,  
The life that joys in living,  
    The faith that lives in joy.



## VICTORIA REGINA

(JUNE 21ST, 1897\*)

A THOUSAND years by sea and land  
Our race hath served the island  
kings,  
But not by custom's dull command  
To-day with song her Empire  
rings:

Not all the glories of her birth,  
Her armed renown and ancient  
throne,

\* These lines, with music by Dr. Lloyd, formed part of the *Cycle of Song* offered to Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, in celebration of her second Jubilee.

Could make her less the child of  
earth

Or give her hopes beyond our  
own :

But stayed on faith more sternly  
proved

And pride than ours more pure and  
deep,

She loves the land our fathers loved  
And keeps the fame our sons shall  
keep.

# THE KING OF ENGLAND

(JUNE 24TH, 1902)

IN that eclipse of noon when joy was  
hushed

Like the bird's song beneath un-  
natural night,

And Terror's footfall in the darkness  
crushed

The rose imperial of our de-  
light,

Then, even then, though no man  
cried "He comes,"

And no man turned to greet him  
passing there,

174 THE KING OF ENGLAND.

With phantom heralds challeng-  
ing renown

And silent-throbbing drums

I saw the King of England, hale  
and fair,

Ride out with a great train  
through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy  
shield

The lions bore the dint of many  
a lance,

And up and down his mantle's azure  
field

Were strewn the lilies plucked in  
famous France.

Before him went with banner float-  
ing wide

The yeoman breed that served his  
honour best,  
And mixed with these his knights  
of noble blood ;  
But in the place of pride  
His admirals in billowy lines abreast  
Convoyed him close like galleons  
on the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed  
his face  
And his brow calm with youth's  
unclouded dawn,  
But round his lips were lines of  
tenderer grace  
Such as no hand but Time's hath  
ever drawn.  
Surely he knew his glory had no part

In dull decay, nor unto Death must  
bend,

Yet surely too of lengthening  
shadows dreamed

With sunset in his heart,  
So brief his beauty now, so near  
the end,

And now so old and so immortal  
seemed.

O King among the living, these shall  
hail

Sons of thy dust that shall inherit  
thee :

O King of men that die, though we  
must fail

Thy life is breathed from thy  
triumphant sea.

O man that servest men by right of  
birth,

Our hearts' content thy heart shall  
also keep,

Thou too with us shalt one day  
lay thee down

In our dear native earth,

Full sure the King of England,  
while we sleep,

For ever rides abroad through  
London town.

## THE NILE

OUT of the unknown South,  
Through the dark lands of drouth,  
Far wanders ancient Nile in slum-  
ber gliding :  
Clear-mirrored in his dream  
The deeds that haunt his stream  
Flash out and fade like stars in  
midnight sliding.  
Long since, before the life of  
man  
Rose from among the lives that  
creep,  
With Time's own tide began



That still mysterious sleep,  
Only to cease when Time shall  
reach the eternal deep.

From out his vision vast  
The early gods have passed,  
They waned and perished with  
the faith that made them ;  
The long phantasmal line  
Of Pharaohs crowned divine  
Are dust among the dust that  
once obeyed them.  
Their land is one mute burial mound,  
Save when across the drifted years  
Some chant of hollow sound,  
Some triumph blent with tears,  
From Memnon's lips at dawn  
wakens the desert meres.

O Nile, and can it be  
No memory dwells with thee  
Of Grecian lore and the sweet  
Grecian singer ?

The legions' iron tramp,  
The Goths' wide-wandering camp,  
Had these no fame that by thy  
shore might linger ?

Nay, then must all be lost indeed,  
Lost too the swift pursuing  
might

That cleft with passionate speed  
Aboukir's tranquil night,  
And shattered in mid-swoop the  
great world-eagle's flight.

Yet have there been on earth  
Spirits of starry birth,

Whose splendour rushed to no  
eternal setting :  
They over all endure,  
Their course through all is sure,  
The dark world's light is still of  
their begetting.  
Though the long past forgotten lies,  
Nile ! in thy dream remember him,  
Whose like no more shall rise  
Above our twilight's rim,  
Until the immortal dawn shall  
make all glories dim.

For this man was not great  
By gold or kingly state,  
Or the bright sword, or knowledge  
of earth's wonder ;  
But more than all his race

He saw life face to face,  
And heard the still small voice  
above the thunder.

O river, while thy waters roll  
By yonder vast deserted tomb,  
There, where so clear a soul  
So shone through gathering doom,  
Thou and thy land shall keep the  
tale of lost Khartoum.

## SRÁHMANDÁZI \*

DEEP embowered beside the forest  
river,

Where the flame of sunset only  
falls,

Lapped in silence lies the House of  
Dying,

House of them to whom the twi-  
light calls.

There within when day was near to  
ending,

\* This ballad is founded on materials given to the author by the late Miss Mary Kingsley on her return from her last visit to the Bantu peoples of West Africa.

By her lord a woman young and  
strong,  
By his chief a songman old and  
stricken  
Watched together till the hour of  
song.

“O my songman, now the bow is  
broken,  
Now the arrows one by one are  
sped,  
Sing to me the song of Sráhmandázi,  
Sráhmandázi, home of all the dead.”

Then the songman, flinging wide his  
songnet,  
On the last token laid his master's  
hand,

While he sang the song of Sráhman-  
dázi,

None but dying men can under-  
stand.

“Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted  
Marches down the sky to vanish  
soon,

At the self-same hour in Sráhmandázi  
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

“There he sees the heroes by their  
river,

Where the great fish daily upward  
swim ;

Yet they are but shadows hunting  
shadows,

Phantom fish in waters drear and  
dim.

“ There he sees the kings among their  
headmen,

Women weaving, children playing  
games ;

Yet they are but shadows ruling  
shadows,

Phantom folk with dim forgotten  
names.

“ Bid farewell to all that most thou  
lovest,

Tell thy heart thy living life is  
done ;

All the days and deeds of Sráhmandázi  
Are not worth an hour of yonder  
sun.”

Dreamily the chief from out the  
songnet



Drew his hand and touched the  
woman's head :

“ Know they not, then, love in Sráh-  
mandázi ?

Has a king no bride among the  
dead ? ”

Then the songman answered, “ O my  
master,

Love they know, but none may  
learn it there ;

Only souls that reach that land  
together

Keep their troth and find the twi-  
light fair.

“ Thou art still a king, and at thy  
passing

By thy latest word must all abide :

If thou willest, here am I, thy song-  
man ;

If thou lovest, here is she, thy  
bride."

Hushed and dreamy lay the House  
of Dying,

Dreamily the sunlight upward  
failed,

Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved  
him

Looked with eyes the coming twi-  
light veiled.

Then he cried, " My songman, I am  
passing ;

Let her live, her life is but begun ;  
All the days and nights of Sráh-  
mandázi

Are not worth an hour of yonder  
sun."

Yet, when there within the House  
of Dying

The last silence held the sunset air,  
Not alone he came to Sráhmandázi,  
Not alone she found the twilight  
fair :

While the songman, far beneath the  
forest

Sang of Sráhmandázi all night  
through,

"Lovely be thy name, O Land of  
shadows,

Land of meeting, Land of all the  
true !"

## OUTWARD BOUND

DEAR Earth, near Earth, the clay  
that made us men,

The land we sowed,

The hearth that glowed—

O Mother, must we bid fare-  
well to thee?

Fast dawns the last dawn, and what  
shall comfort then

The lonely hearts that roam  
the outer sea?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shiver-  
ing sails are set,

To misty deeps

The channel sweeps—

O Mother, think on us who  
think on thee !

Earth-home, birth-home, with love  
remember yet

The sons in exile on the  
eternal sea.

## HOPE THE HORNBLOWER

“HARK ye, hark to the winding horn ;  
Sluggards, awake, and front the  
morn !

Hark ye, hark to the winding horn ;  
The sun's on meadow and mill.  
Follow me, hearts that love the  
chase ;

Follow me, feet that keep the pace :  
Stirrup to stirrup we ride, we ride,  
We ride by moor and hill.”

Huntsman, huntsman, whither away ?  
What is the quarry afoot to-day ?  
Huntsman, huntsman, whither away,  
And what the game ye kill ?

Is it the deer, that men may dine?  
Is it the wolf that tears the kine?  
What is the race ye ride, ye ride,  
Ye ride by moor and hill?

“Ask not yet till the day be dead  
What is the game that’s forward fled,  
Ask not yet till the day be dead  
The game we follow still.  
An echo it may be, floating past;  
A shadow it may be, fading fast:  
Shadow or echo, we ride, we ride,  
We ride by moor and hill.”

## O PULCHRITUDO

O SAINT whose thousand shrines our  
feet have trod

And our eyes loved thy lamp's  
eternal beam,

Dim earthly radiance of the Un-  
known God,

Hope of the darkness, light of  
them that dream,

Far off, far off and faint, O glimmer on  
Till we thy pilgrims from the road  
are gone.

O Word whose meaning every sense  
hath sought,



Voice of the teeming field and  
grassy mound,  
Deep-whispering fountain of the wells  
of thought,  
Will of the wind and soul of all  
sweet sound,  
Far off, far off and faint, O murmur  
on  
Till we thy pilgrims from the road  
are gone.

## IN JULY

His beauty bore no token,  
    No sign our gladness shook ;  
With tender strength unbroken  
    The hand of Life he took :  
But the summer flowers were falling,  
    Falling and fading away,  
And mother birds were calling,  
    Crying and calling  
    For their loves that would not stay.

He knew not Autumn's chillness,  
    Nor Winter's wind nor Spring's ;  
He lived with Summer's stillness  
    And sun and sunlit things :

But when the dusk was falling  
He went the shadowy way,  
And one more heart is calling,  
Crying and calling  
For the love that would not stay.

## FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

O son of mine, when dusk shall find  
thee bending

Between a gravestone and a cradle's  
head—

Between the love whose name is loss  
unending

And the young love whose thoughts  
are liker dread,—

Thou too shalt groan at heart that  
all thy spending

Cannot repay the dead, the hungry  
dead.

## WHEN I REMEMBER

WHEN I remember that the day will  
come

For this our love to quit his land  
of birth,

And bid farewell to all the ways  
of earth

With lips that must for evermore be  
dumb,

Then creep I silent from the stirring  
hum,

And shut away the music and the  
mirth,

200    WHEN I REMEMBER.

And reckon up what may be left  
    of worth  
When hearts are cold and love's own  
    body numb.

Something there must be that I know  
    not here,  
Or know too dimly through the  
    symbol dear ;  
    Some touch, some beauty, only  
        guessed by this—  
If He that made us loves, it shall  
    replace,  
Beloved, even the vision of thy face  
    And deep communion of thine  
        inmost kiss.

## RONDEL \*

THOUGH I wander far-off ways,  
Dearest, never doubt thou me:

Mine is not the love that strays,  
Though I wander far-off ways:

Faithfully for all my days  
I have vowed myself to thee:  
Though I wander far-off ways,  
Dearest, never doubt thou me.

\* This and the two following pieces are from the French of Wenceslas, Duke of Brabant and Luxembourg, who died in 1384.

## RONDEL

LONG ago to thee I gave  
Body, soul, and all I have—  
Nothing in the world I keep:

All that in return I crave  
Is that thou accept the slave  
Long ago to thee I gave—  
Body, soul, and all I have.

Had I more to share or save,  
I would give as give the brave,  
Stooping not to part the heap;  
Long ago to thee I gave  
Body, soul, and all I have—  
Nothing in the world I keep.



## BALADE

I CANNOT tell, of twain beneath this  
bond,

Which one in grief the other goes  
beyond,—

Narcissus, who to end the pain he  
bore

Died of the love that could not help  
him more ;

Or I, that pine because I cannot see  
The lady who is queen and love to  
me.

Nay—for Narcissus, in the forest  
pond

Seeing his image, made entreaty fond,

“ Beloved, comfort on my longing  
pour ” :

So for a while he soothed his passion  
sore ;

So cannot I, for all too far is she—  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

But since that I have Love’s true  
colours donned,

I in his service will not now despond,  
For in extremes Love yet can all  
restore :

So till her beauty walks the world  
no more

All day remembered in my hope shall  
be

The lady who is queen and love to  
me.

## THE LAST WORD

BEFORE the April night was late  
A rider came to the castle gate ;  
A rider breathing human breath,  
But the words he spoke were the  
words of Death.

“ Greet you well from the King our  
lord,  
He marches hot for the eastward ford ;  
Living or dying, all or one,  
Ye must keep the ford till the race  
be run.”

Sir Alain rose with lips that smiled,  
He kissed his wife, he kissed his  
child :

Before the April night was late  
Sir Alain rode from the castle gate.

He called his men-at-arms by name,  
But one there was uncalled that  
came :

He bade his troop behind him ride,  
But there was one that rode beside.

*"Why will you spur so fast to die?  
Be wiser ere the night go by.  
A message late is a message lost;  
For all your haste the foe had crossed.*

*"Are men such small unmeaning things  
To strew the board of smiling Kings?  
With life and death they play their game,  
And life or death, the end's the same."*

Softly the April air above  
 Rustled the woodland homes of love:  
 Softly the April air below  
 Carried the dream of buds that blow.

*“Is he that bears a warrior’s fame  
 To shun the pointless stroke of shame?  
 Will he that propped a trembling throne  
 Not stand for right when right’s his own?”*

*“Your oath on the four gospels sworn?  
 What oath can bind resolves unborn?  
 You lose that far eternal life?  
 Is it yours to lose? Is it child and  
     wife?”*

But now beyond the pathway’s bend,  
 Sir Alain saw the forest end,

And winding wide beneath the hill,  
The glassy river lone and still.

And now he saw with lifted eyes  
The East like a great chancel rise,  
And deep through all his senses  
drawn,  
Received the sacred wine of dawn.

He set his face to the stream below,  
He drew his axe from the saddle  
bow :

“ Farewell, Messire, the night is sped ;  
There lies the ford, when all is  
said.”

## THE VIKING'S SONG

WHEN I thy lover first  
Shook out my canvas free  
And like a pirate burst  
Into that dreaming sea,  
The land knew no such thirst  
As then tormented me.

Now when at eve returned  
I near that shore divine,  
Where once but watch-fires burned  
I see thy beacon shine,  
And know the land hath learned  
Desire that welcomes mine.

## THE SUFI IN THE CITY

### I.

WHEN late I watched the arrows of  
the sleet

Against the windows of the Tavern  
beat,

I heard a Rose that murmured from  
her Pot :

“Why trudge thy fellows yonder in  
the Street ?

### II.

“Before the phantom of False Morn-  
ing dies,

Choked in the bitter Net that binds  
the skies,



THE SUFI IN THE CITY. 211

Their feet, bemired with Yesterday,  
set out  
For the dark alleys where To-morrow  
lies.

III.

“Think you, when all their petals they  
have bruised,  
And all the fragrances of Life con-  
fused,  
That Night with sweeter rest will  
comfort these  
Than us, who still within the Garden  
mused ?

IV.

“Think you the Gold they fight for all  
day long  
Is worth the frugal Peace their  
clamours wrong ?

Their Titles, and the Name they  
 toil to build—  
 Will they outlast the echoes of our  
 Song ? ”

v.

O Sons of Omar, what shall be the  
 close  
 Seek not to know, for no man living  
 knows :  
 But while within your hands the  
 Wine is set  
 Drink ye—to Omar and the Dream-  
 ing Rose !

## YATTENDON

AMONG the woods and tillage  
That fringe the topmost downs,  
All lonely lies the village,  
Far off from seas and towns.  
Yet when her own folk slumbered  
I heard within her street  
Murmur of men unnumbered  
And march of myriad feet.

For all she lies so lonely,  
Far off from towns and seas,  
The village holds not only  
The roofs beneath her trees :

While Life is sweet and tragic  
And Death is veiled and dumb,  
Hither, by singer's magic,  
The pilgrim world must come.

## AMONG THE TOMBS

SHE is a lady fair and wise,  
Her heart her counsel keeps,  
And well she knows of time that  
flies  
And tide that onward sweeps ;  
But still she sits with restless  
eyes  
Where Memory sleeps—  
Where Memory sleeps.

Ye that have heard the whispering  
dead  
In every wind that creeps,

216    AMONG THE TOMBS.

Or felt the stir that strains the lead  
    Beneath the mounded heaps,  
'Tread softly, ah ! more softly tread  
    Where Memory sleeps—  
    Where Memory sleeps.

## A SOWER

WITH sanguine looks  
And rolling walk  
Among the rooks  
He loved to stalk,

While on the land  
With gusty laugh  
From a full hand  
He scattered chaff.

Now that within  
His spirit sleeps  
A harvest thin  
The sickle reaps ;

But the dumb fields  
Desire his tread,  
And no earth yields  
A wheat more red.



## A SONG OF EXMOOR

THE Forest above and the Combe  
below,

On a bright September morn !  
He's the soul of a clod who thanks  
not God

That ever his body was born !  
So hurry along, the stag's afoot,  
The Master's up and away !  
Halloo ! Halloo ! we'll follow it  
through

From Bratton to Porlock Bay !

*So hurry along, the stag's afoot,  
The Master's up and away !*

*Halloo ! Halloo ! we'll follow it through  
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !*

Hark to the tufters' challenge true,  
'Tis a note that the red-deer  
knows !

His courage awakes, his covert he  
breaks,

And up for the moor he goes !  
He's all his rights and seven on top,  
His eye's the eye of a king,  
And he'll beggar the pride of some  
that ride

Before he leaves the ling !

Here comes Antony bringing the  
pack,

Steady ! he's laying them on !

By the sound of their chime you  
may tell that it's time  
To harden your heart and be  
gone.

Nightacott, Narracott, Hunnacott's  
passed,

Right for the North they race :  
He's leading them straight for Black-  
moor Gate,

And he's setting a pounding  
pace !

We're running him now on a breast-  
high scent,

But he leaves us standing still ;  
When we swing round by Westland  
Pound

He's far up Challacombe Hill.

222 A SONG OF EXMOOR.

The pack are a string of struggling  
ants,

The quarry's a dancing midge,  
They're trying their reins on the  
edge of the Chains

While he's on Cheriton Ridge.

He's gone by Kittuck and Lucott  
Moor,

He's gone by Woodcock's Ley ;  
By the little white town he's turned  
him down,

And he's soiling in open sea.  
So hurry along, we'll both be in,  
The crowd are a parish away !  
We're a field of two, and we've  
followed it through  
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !

*So hurry along, we'll both be in,  
The crowd are a parish away!  
We're a field of two, and we've  
followed it through  
From Bratton to Porlock Bay!*

## FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB

THE Squire sat propped in a pillowed  
chair,

His eyes were alive and clear of  
care,

But well he knew that the hour  
was come

To bid good-bye to his ancient  
home.

He looked on garden, wood, and  
hill,

He looked on the lake, sunny and  
still :

The last of earth that his eyes could  
see

Was the island church of Orchard-  
leigh.

The last that his heart could under-  
stand

Was the touch of the tongue that  
licked his hand :

“Bury the dog at my feet,” he said,  
And his voice dropped, and the  
Squire was dead.

Now the dog was a hound of the  
Danish breed,

Staunch to love and strong at need :  
He had dragged his master safe to  
shore

When the tide was ebbing at Elsinore.

From that day forth, as reason would,  
He was named "Fidele," and made  
it good :

When the last of the mourners left  
the door

Fidele was dead on the chantry floor.

They buried him there at his master's  
feet,

And all that heard of it deemed it  
meet :

The story went the round for years,  
Till it came at last to the Bishop's  
ears.

Bishop of Bath and Wells was he,  
Lord of the lords of Orchardleigh ;  
And he wrote to the Parson the  
strongest screed



That Bishop may write or Parson  
read.

The sum of it was that a soulless  
hound

Was known to be buried in hallowed  
ground :

From scandal sore the Church to save  
They must take the dog from his  
master's grave.

The heir was far in a foreign land,  
The Parson was wax to my Lord's  
command :

He sent for the Sexton and bade  
him make

A lonely grave by the shore of the  
lake.

The Sexton sat by the water's brink  
Where he used to sit when he used  
to think :

He reasoned slow, but he reasoned  
it out,

And his argument left him free from  
doubt.

"A Bishop," he said, "is the top of  
his trade :

But there's others can give him a  
start with the spade :

Yon dog, he carried the Squire  
ashore,

And a Christian couldn't ha' done  
no more."

The grave was dug ; the mason came  
And carved on stone Fidele's name ;

But the dog that the Sexton laid  
inside

Was a dog that never had lived or  
died.

So the Parson was praised, and the  
scandal stayed,

Till, a long time after, the church  
decayed,

And, laying the floor anew, they  
found

In the tomb of the Squire the bones  
of a hound.

As for the Bishop of Bath and  
Wells

No more of him the story tells ;

230 FIDELE'S GRASSY TOMB.

Doubtless he lived as a Prelate and  
Prince,  
And died and was buried a century  
since.

And whether his view was right or  
wrong  
Has little to do with this my song ;  
Something we owe him, you must  
allow ;  
And perhaps he has changed his  
mind by now.

The Squire in the family chantry  
sleeps,  
The marble still his memory keeps :  
Remember, when the name you spell.  
There rest Fidele's bones as well.

For the Sexton's grave you need not  
search,

'Tis a nameless mound by the island  
church :

An ignorant fellow, of humble lot—  
But he knew one thing that a Bishop  
did not.

## MOONSET

PAST seven o'clock : time to be  
gone ;

Twelfth-night's over and dawn shiv-  
ering up :

A hasty cut of the loaf, a steaming  
cup,

Down to the door, and there is  
Coachman John.

Ruddy of cheek is John and bright  
of eye ;

But John it appears has none of your  
grins and winks ;

Civil enough, but short: perhaps he  
thinks:

Words come once in a mile, and  
always dry.

Has he a mind or not? I wonder;  
but soon

We turn through a leafless wood, and  
there to the right,

Like a sun bewitched in alien realms  
of night,

Mellow and yellow and rounded  
hangs the moon.

Strangely near she seems, and terribly  
great:

The world is dead: why are we  
travelling still?

Nightmare silence grips my struggling  
will ;

We are driving for ever and ever to  
find a gate.

“ When you come to consider the  
moon,” says John at last,  
And stops, to feel his footing and take  
his stand ;

“ And then there’s some will say  
there’s never a hand  
That made the world ! ”

A flick, and the  
gates are passed.

Out of the dim magical moonlit park,  
Out to the workday road and wider  
skies :



There's a warm flush in the East  
    where day's to rise,  
And I'm feeling the better for  
    Coachman John's remark.

## MASTER AND MAN

Do ye ken hoo to fush for the  
salmon?

If ye'll listen I'll tell ye.

Dinna trust to the books and their  
gammon,

They're but trying to sell ye.

Leave professors to read their ain  
cackle

And fush their ain style;

Come awa', sir, we'll oot wi' oor  
tackle

And be busy the while.

'Tis a wee bit ower bright, ye were  
thinkin'?

Aw, ye'll no be the loser;  
 'Tis better ten baskin' and blinkin'  
 Than ane that's a cruiser.  
 If ye're bent, as I tak it, on slatter,  
 Ye should pray for the droot,  
 For the salmon's her ain when there's  
 watter,  
 But she's oors when it's oot.

Ye may just put your flee-book behind  
 ye,  
 Ane hook wull be plenty;  
 If they'll no come for this, my man,  
 mind ye,  
 They'll no come for twenty.  
 Ay, a rod; but the shorter the  
 stranger  
 And the nearer to strike;

For myself I prefare it nae langer  
Than a yard or the like.

Noo, ye'll stand awa' back while I'm  
creepin'

Wi' my snoot i' the gowans;  
There's a bonny twelve-poonder a-  
sleepin'

I' the shade o' yon rowans.  
Man, man! I was fearin' I'd stirred her,  
But I've got her the noo!  
Hoot! fushin's as easy as murrder  
When ye ken what to do.

Na, na, sir, I doot na ye're willin'  
But I canna permit ye;  
For I'm thinkin' that yon kind o'  
killin'

Wad hardly befit ye.

And some work is deefficult hushin',

There'd be havers and chaff:

'Twull be best, sir, for you to be  
fushin'

And me wi' the gaff.

## GAVOTTE

(OLD FRENCH)

MEMORIES long in music sleeping,

No more sleeping,

No more dumb :

Delicate phantoms softly creeping

Softly back from the old-world  
come.

Faintest odours around them straying,  
ing,

Suddenly straying

In chambers dim ;

Whispering silks in order swaying,

Glimmering gems on shoulders  
slim :

Courage advancing strong and tender,  
Grace untender  
Fanning desire ;  
Suppliant conquest, proud surrender,  
Courtesy cold of hearts on  
fire—

Willowy billowy now they're bend-  
ing,  
Low they're bending  
Down-dropt eyes ;  
Stately measure and stately ending,  
Music sobbing, and a dream that  
dies.

## IMOGEN

(A LADY OF TENDER AGE)

LADIES, where were your bright eyes  
glancing,

Where were they glancing yester-  
night ?

Saw ye Imogen dancing, dancing,  
Imogen dancing all in white ?

Laughed she not with a pure  
delight,

Laughed she not with a joy serene,  
Stepped she not with a grace en-  
trancing,

Slenderly girt in silken sheen ?



All through the night from dusk to  
daytime

Under her feet the hours were  
swift,

Under her feet the hours of play-  
time

Rose and fell with a rhythmic lift :

Music set her adrift, adrift,

Music eddying towards the day

Swept her along as brooks in May-  
time

Carry the freshly falling May.

Ladies, life is a changing measure,

Youth is a lilt that endeth soon ;

Pluck ye never so fast at pleasure,

Twilight follows the longest noon.

Nay, but here is a lasting boon,

Life for hearts that are old and  
chill,  
Youth undying for hearts that treasure  
Imogen dancing, dancing still.

## NEL MEZZO DEL CAMMÌN

WHISPER it not that late in years  
Sorrow shall fade and the world be  
brighter,

Life be freed of tremor and tears,  
Heads be wiser and hearts be lighter.  
Ah ! but the dream that all endears,  
The dream we sell for your pottage  
of truth—

Give us again the passion of youth,  
Sorrow shall fade and the world be  
brighter.

## THE INVASION

SPRING, they say, with his greenery  
Northward marches at last,  
Mustering thorn and elm ;  
Breezes rumour him conquering,  
Tell how Victory sits  
High on his glancing helm.

Smit with sting of his archery,  
Hardest ashes and oaks  
Burn at the root below :  
Primrose, violet, daffodil,  
Start like blood where the shafts  
Light from his golden bow.

Here where winter oppresses us  
Still we listen and doubt,

Dreading a hope betrayed :  
Sore we long to be greeting him,  
Still we linger and doubt  
“ What if his march be stayed ? ”

Folk in thrall to the enemy,  
Vanquished, tilling a soil  
Hateful and hostile grown ;  
Always wearily, warily,  
Feeding deep in the heart  
Passion they dare not own—

So we wait the deliverer ;  
Surely soon shall he come,  
Soon shall his hour be due :  
Spring shall come with his greenery,  
Life be lovely again,  
Earth be the home we knew.

# PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR

(AFTER MARTIAL)

BERNARD, if to you and me

Fortune all at once should give  
Years to spend secure and free,

With the choice of how to live,  
Tell me, what should we proclaim  
Life deserving of the name?

Winning some one else's case?

Saving some one else's seat?  
Hearing with a solemn face

People of importance bleat?  
No, I think we should not still  
Waste our time at others' will.

Summer noons beneath the limes,  
Summer rides at evening cool,  
Winter's tales and home-made rhymes,  
Figures on the frozen pool—  
These would we for labours take,  
And of these our business make.

Ah ! but neither you nor I  
Dare in earnest venture so ;  
Still we let the good days die  
And to swell the reckoning go.  
What are those that know the way,  
Yet to walk therein delay ?

## FELIX ANTONIUS

(AFTER MARTIAL)

TO-DAY, my friend is seventy-five ;  
He tells his tale with no regret ;  
His brave old eyes are steadfast yet,  
His heart the lightest heart alive.

He sees behind him green and wide  
The pathway of his pilgrim years ;  
He sees the shore, and dreadless  
hears

The whisper of the creeping tide.

For out of all his days, not one  
Has passed and left its unlaidd  
ghost



To seek a light for ever lost,  
Or wail a deed for ever done.

So for reward of life-long truth  
He lives again, as good men can,  
Redoubling his allotted span  
With memories of a stainless youth.

## IRELAND, IRELAND

DOWN thy valleys, Ireland, Ire-  
land,

DOWN thy valleys green and  
sad,

Still thy spirit wanders wailing,  
Wanders wailing, wanders mad.

Long ago that anguish took thee,  
Ireland, Ireland, green and  
fair,

Spoilers strong in darkness took  
thee,  
Broke thy heart and left thee  
there.

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,  
Still thy spirit wanders mad ;  
All too late they love that wronged  
thee,  
Ireland, Ireland, green and sad.

## HYMN

IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS

O LORD Almighty, Thou whose  
hands

Despair and victory give ;  
In whom, though tyrants tread their  
lands,  
The souls of nations live ;

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away  
From those who work Thy will,  
But send Thy peace on hearts that  
pray,  
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,  
The hands with rapine dyed,  
The wavering will, the baser  
aim,  
The brute material pride :

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,  
The spirits humbly brave,  
The strength that died defying  
death,  
The love that loved the slave :

The race that strove to rule Thine  
earth

With equal laws unbought :  
Who bore for Truth the pangs of  
birth,  
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,  
Thy dark eternal mind  
Through lives of men that fear not  
man  
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away  
From those who work Thy will,  
But send Thy strength on hearts that  
pray  
For strength to serve Thee still.

# THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

(AN ANTHEM HEARD  
IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL)

*The Organ.*

O LORD our God, we are strangers  
before Thee, and sojourners, as were  
all our fathers: our days on the earth  
are as a shadow, and there is none  
abiding.

O Lord God of our fathers, keep  
this for ever in the imagination of  
the thoughts of Thy people, and  
prepare their heart unto Thee.

And give unto Solomon my son a perfect heart to keep Thy commandments, and to build the palace for the which I have made provision.

*Boys' voices.*

O come to the Palace of Life,  
Let us build it again.  
It was founded on terror and strife,  
It was laid in the curse of the womb,  
And pillared on toil and pain,  
And hung with veils of doom,  
And vaulted with the darkness of the  
tomb.

*Men's voices.*

O Lord our God, we are sojourners  
here for a day,



Strangers and sojourners, as all our  
fathers were :

Our years on the earth are a shadow  
that fadeth away ;

Grant us light for our labour, and  
a time for prayer.

*Boys.*

But now with endless song,  
And joy fulfilling the Law ;  
Of passion as pure as strong  
And pleasure undimmed of awe ;  
With garners of wine and grain  
Laid up for the ages long,  
Let us build the Palace again  
And enter with endless song,  
Enter and dwell secure, forgetting  
the years of wrong.

*Men.*

O Lord our God, we are strangers  
and sojourners here,  
Our beginning was night, and our  
end is hid in Thee :  
Our labour on the earth is hope  
redeeming fear,  
In sorrow we build for the days  
we shall not see.

*Boys.*

Great is the name  
Of the strong and skilled,  
Lasting the fame  
Of them that build :  
The tongues of many nations  
Shall speak of our praise,

And far generations  
Be glad for our days.

*Men.*

We are sojourners here as all our  
fathers were,  
As all our children shall be, for-  
getting and forgot:  
The fame of man is a murmur that  
passeth on the air,  
We perish indeed if Thou remem-  
ber not.

We are sojourners here as all our  
fathers were,  
Strangers travelling down to the  
land of death:

There is neither work nor device nor  
knowledge there,

O grant us might for our labour,  
and to rest in faith.

*Boys.*

In joy, in the joy of the light to be,

*Men.*

O Father of Lights, unvarying and  
true,

*Boys.*

Let us build the Palace of Life anew.

*Men.*

Let us build for the years we shall  
not see.

*Boys.*

Lofty of line and glorious of hue,  
With gold and pearl and with the  
cedar tree,

*Men.*

With silence due  
And with service free,

*Boys.*

Let us build it for ever in splendour  
new.

*Men.*

Let us build in hope and in sorrow,  
and rest in Thee.

## NOTES

*Drake's Drum.* A state drum, painted with the arms of Sir Francis Drake, is preserved among other relics at Buckland Abbey, the seat of the Drake family in Devon.

*The Fighting Téméraire.* The two last stanzas have been misunderstood. It seems, therefore, necessary to state that they are intended to refer to Turner's picture in the National Gallery of "The Fighting *Téméraire* Tugged to her Last Berth."

*San Stefano.* Sir Peter Parker was the son of Admiral Christopher Parker, grandson of Admiral Sir Peter Parker (the life-long friend and chief mourner of Nelson), and great-grandson of Admiral Sir William Parker. On his mother's side he was grandson of Admiral Byron, and first cousin of Lord Byron, the poet. He was killed in action near Baltimore in 1814, and buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, where may be seen the monument erected to his memory by the officers of the *Menelaus*.

*The Quarter-Gunner's Yarn.* This ballad is founded on fragmentary lines communicated to the author by Admiral Sir Windham Hornby, K.C.B., who served under Sir Thomas Hardy in 1827.

*Væ Victis.* See *Livy*, xxx., 43, *Diodorus Siculus*, xix., 106.

*Seringapatam.* In 1780, while attempting to relieve Arcot, a British force of three thousand men was cut to pieces by Hyder Ali. Baird, then a young captain in the 73rd, was left for dead on the field. He was afterwards, with forty-nine other officers, kept in prison at Seringapatam, and treated with Oriental barbarity and treachery by Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo Sahib, Sultans of Mysore. Twenty-three of the prisoners died by poison, torture, and fever; the rest were surrendered in 1784. In 1799, at the siege of Seringapatam, Major-General Baird commanded the first European brigade, and volunteered to lead the storming column. Tippoo Sahib, with eight thousand of his men, fell in the assault, but the victor spared the lives of his sons and forbade a general sack of the city.

*Clifton Chapel.* Clifton is one of the schools from which the largest number of boys pass direct into the R.M.A., Woolwich, and R.M.C., Sandhurst.

Thirty-five Old Cliftonian officers served in the campaign of 1897 on the Indian Frontier, of whom twenty-two were mentioned in despatches and six recommended for the Distinguished Service Order. Of the three hundred Cliftonians who served in the war in South Africa, thirty were killed in action and fourteen died of wounds or fever.

Clifton, remember these thy sons who fell  
Fighting far over sea ;  
For they in a dark hour remembered well  
Their warfare learned of thee.

*The Echo.* The ballad was "The Twa Sisters of Binnorie," as set by Arthur Somervell.

THE END.

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